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## FATHER DAMIEN AND THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC MISSION AT MOLOKAI

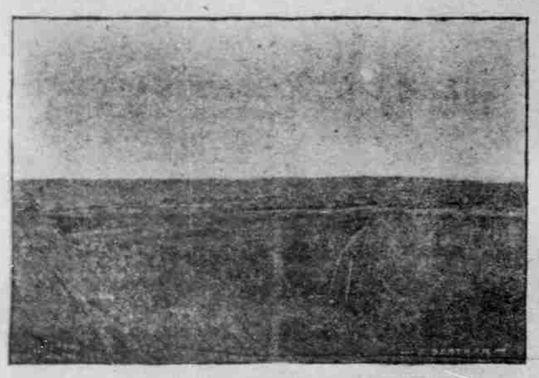
### Wonderful Work of the Famous Priest Who Devoted His Later Life to Ministering to the Unclean—Was First Stationed On Hawaii When He Came to These Islands.

THE history of Father Damien is the history of the Catholic Church at Molokai; it is a history thrilling with pathos, interesting as a romance, and ending like a tragedy.

Tremeloo, France, is a small village in the level lands of Brabant. It lies in the south of these lands and almost under the shadow of Louvain, that famous university town, being but six miles to the north of it.

In the village is a house of the simplest type a house that would hardly attract the eye, even of a pilgrim—yet one to which some day pilgrimages of Honolulans touring the world may be made, as the very village has become hallowed in Hawaii by reason of the glorious name of him who was born there, and from there went forth to martyrdom with a heart that never parted him even unto the end.

There was born January 3rd, 1840, Joseph Damien de Veuster, the seventh of eight children of whom two were nuns and two were priests. He was very early in life noted for the simplicity and purity of his character.



THE ISLAND OF MOLOKAI, AS SEEN OFF KALAUPAPA.

The sports of childhood did not attract him, yet he was a healthy, robust lad, not given to brooding. He loved the fields that encircled his native village; he wandered there wrapped in childish reveries—a poet without passion, dreaming the dreams that no one but himself could interpret. He followed the sheep to their pasture, and sported with the lambs, and he was known by all the shepherds thereabout and was called fondly and familiarly "the little shepherd."

So passed his younger days in the hamlet, that but for the fate and renown he made for himself in Molokai, might never have been known or named abroad.

The young de Veuster was in no wise encouraged to consider the life of a priest with its manifold trials. He was sent to the "Cours Moyen" at Braine le Comte, where he received a commercial education. While he was at this school the Redemptorist Fathers gave a mission in the neighborhood. Joseph attended it. He was profoundly impressed. His cousin, says of him, at this time: "Joseph came home from that mission evi-

CEMETERY AT THE LEPER SETTLEMENT, MOLOKAI.

dently struck by something that had been said, for instead of retiring to rest, he used to stay up a good part of the night praying earnestly to God."

While in this serious vein he resolved upon entering a religious order. His brother Augustus was then an ecclesiastical student of the Religious Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, better known as the "Picpus" Fathers and so-called from the name of the house in the Jaubourg St. Ontoine, in Paris, where they were first established. To his brother Joseph he made his wishes known, and was advised by him to follow in the footsteps of the fathers of Picpus. With what reluctance we know not, the father's consent was obtained and Joseph became a Lay Brother in the Congregation he was ultimately to adorn as one of its greatest lights.

In 1863, while Father Damien was still in minor orders, his brother Pamphile was directed by his superiors to prepare himself for the voyage to Hawaii, then better known as the Sandwich Islands. These beautiful islands had been placed in 1825 by Pope Leo XII in the special care of the "Picpus" Congregation, their chief duty being the "preaching of the gospel to the heathen."

But, no sooner had Father Pamphile received his commission, than he was prostrated by an attack of thypus fever. His passage in an outward-bound vessel had been engaged and his preparations for his departure completed, but for some months he could not hope to enter upon so arduous a duty as had been allotted to him. What was to be done? An inspiration seized Father Damien. He hastened to the bedside of his brother and asked if it would be a consolation to him if he were to offer himself as a substitute. His prayer was granted and after he had said the last farewell to his family—after he had given a last and fond look at the land of his birth he loved so well, Father Damien embarked on the vessel which set sail immediately to these far away islands, lost in the immensity of the great Pacific.

On the feast day of his patron, St. Joseph, March 19th, 1864, Father Damien landed at Honolulu. For thirty-eight years the "Picpus" Fathers had been established in the Hawaiian Islands when this, the youngest member of the congregation arrived.

He was twenty-four years of age, fresh from the University of Louvain, having had no practical experience as a teacher or a preacher in the church or in the world; his services were sorely needed, but he had yet to be ordained before he could be forwarded to the field of action. It was not long, however, before he received his ordination. He said his first mass at Whitsuntide, 1864, and immediately afterwards set forth upon his duties as a priest.

All early travelers in the Hawaiian Islands, all tourists, all of our contemporaries who have become acquainted with the natives of these Islands, have united in celebrating the charms of the Hawaiians as a race. From the day of the first settlement of the whites in Hawaii these "savages" could have taught them by precept and example etiquette and social ceremony that would have graced the "Salons" of Europe—all native to the land, natural to the people, bred in the bone and transmitted in their blood—and all lost upon the foreigner who too often was a bore or a bully.

Father Damien found his flock not blameless, but apart from the sin of Adam, he writes to his brother: "You could not wish for better people—gentle, pleasant mannered, exceedingly tender hearted, they neither seek to amass riches, nor live in luxury, or dress finely; but are most hospitable and ready to deprive themselves of the necessaries in order to supply your every want."

For nine years Father Damien was stationed in Hawaii. His parish was a large one. Upon the back of a mule he followed mountain trails, in rain or shine. He said mass, in turn, at his several widely scattered chapels. These chapels he builded with such help as he could command. He painted them and decorated them to suit the taste of the natives and kept them in repair. There were three thousand natives in his district and of these he said:

"Well, I certainly love my savages, who will soon be more civilized than Europeans. They all here know how to read and write, and are quite well dressed on Sundays."

The end was not yet. The aspirations of that dauntless soul could not permit its possessor to remain contented with the round of parish work in Kohala, Hawaii. His hour approached. Being present, as guest, at the dedication of the Wailuku church, Bishop Margret expressed his sorrow that he had not missionaries enough so that he might spare one for the care of the suffering lepers at Molokai. Eagerly Father Damien appealed to the Bishop, reminding him that recent arrivals from Europe had made the case clear enough. "Monseigneur," said he, "here are your new missionaries; one of them can take my district, and if you will be kind enough to allow it, I will go to Molokai and labor for the poor lepers whose wretched state of bodily and spiritual misfortune has often made my heart bleed within me."

That very day without one word of farewell Father Damien embarked with the Bishop on a small vessel that had touched at the Island of Maui with a consignment of fifty lepers bound for the settlement of Molokai. Upon their arrival at the settlement, the Bishop called all the people together and addressed them in a voice quivering with emotion: "So far, my children," said he, "you have been left alone and uncared for. But you shall be so no longer. Behold, I have brought you one who will be a father to you, and who loves you so much that for your welfare, and for the sake of your immortal souls, he does not hesitate to become one of you, to love and die with you."

Thus, in his thirty-third year, Father Damien voluntarily entered upon his mission among the lepers, a mission that was at last crowned with glorious martyrdom.

As is well known, the island of Molokai is forty miles in length and but seven miles in the widest part. From the superb cliffs that line its northern shore it tapers to a narrow desert in the south. One may pass in a few hours' ride from Gardens of Eden, walled in by fernclad palisades and fed by slender waterfalls, that seem to leap from the very clouds, and are trebled in volume after every shower, to a land that has never drank a drop of rain—for the trade wind clouds are wrung dry before they cast their shadow on it, and from shore to shore it is a living desolation.

Under those rain fed windward cliffs

CATHOLIC CHURCH AT MOLOKAI—SHOWING FATHER DAMIEN'S TOMB AND THE HISTORIC TREE.

lies a plateau, about six thousand acres in extent, washed on three sides by the tumultuous sea, while the fourth side is guarded by a precipitious mountain wall two thousand feet in height. The land there is grassy and undulating, scantily supplied with trees as one approaches the cliff. The rocky shore affords no landing save in fair weather. Nature seems to have set this almost inaccessible tongue of land aside for a particular purpose. It was once hot lava that flowed into the sea that cooled it and claimed it for its own. A grievous land it is, for this is the site of the Leper Settlement on Molokai. Nothing can be more formidable than the walls of adamant that shut it out from the heights and depths of surpassing beauty. The very walls themselves are decked with dangling gardens of flowers and ferns, festooned with pendulous vines that are but a foretaste of the perennial loveliness of the verdant vales beyond them.

Father Damien did not pause to contemplate the natural beauty of his environment, the sumptuous adornments of perpetual summer, the splendor of the sea. He had no time for the delights of the eye; his five senses failed him as he surveyed his painful exile.

It was in May, 1873, that Father Damien arrived at Molokai. About eighty lepers were in the hospital; the others with a few helpers had taken their abode further up toward the valley. They had cut down the old "puuhala" groves to build their houses, though a great many had nothing but branches of castor oil trees with which to construct their small shelters. These small frames were covered with sugar cane leaves; the best ones with "pili" grass.

Father Damien was sheltered during several months under the single "pandanus" tree which is preserved up to the present time, and underneath which Father Damien is buried. Under such primitive roofs were living, pell mell, without destinction of age or sex, old or new cases, all more or less strangers to one another—these unfortunate outcasts of society.

Kindness to all, charity to the needy, a sympathizing hand to the sufferers and the dying, in conjunction with a solid religious instruction to the listeners—these were the constant means of introducing moral habits among the lepers.

The following extract from one of Father Damien's letters, addressed to his brother, will give an idea of Father Damien:

"These ten years I have been on the mission, I have built a church and a chapel every year; I am not ashamed to act as a carpenter or mason when it is for the glory of God. . . . I was a little annoyed at seeing my last letter printed in the 'Annales Catholiques.' Once for all, let me tell you I don't like that done. I want to be an unknown to the world, and now I find that I am being talked about on all sides, even in America.

"During the winter I worked hard to build a pretty tower and enlarge my church (present church of Molokai). Manual work is very good for my health, and I feel well and happy among my sick people. Since my arrival here I have had the opportunity of closely observing and, as it were, touching with my hand, human misery under its most terrible aspect. Half the people are like living corpses which the worms have already begun to devour, at first internally, afterward externally, until the most loathsome wounds are formed, which very rarely heal."

In a sketch so brief as this it is not possible to enter into the details of the life of Father Damien at Molokai. The beautiful church standing there now, which he built with his own hands, and under the shadow of which he sleeps an eternal sleep, is an eloquent monument to his memory.

Father Damien was the veritable shepherd of his flock. In less than six years after he had taken charge of his people at the settlement, sixteen hundred lepers had been buried under his immediate ministration, acting as priest, undertaker and carpenter, making the coffins and digging the graves himself.

One of the most beautiful tributes ever paid him came from the heart of one who is not a Catholic. The ex-Queen Liliuokalani, wrote this to Father Damien in 1881:

"Reverend Sir: I desire to express to you my admiration for the heroic and disinterested service you are rendering to the most unhappy of my subjects.

"I know well that your labors and sacrifices have no other motive than the desire to do good to those in distress, and that you look for no reward but from the Great God, our Sovereign Lord who directs and inspires you. Nevertheless, to content my own earnest desire, I beg of you, Reverend Father, to accept the decoration of night Commander of the Royal Order of Kalakaua, as a testimony of our sincere admiration for the efforts you are making to relieve the distress and lessen the sufferings of these afflicted people, as I myself had occasion to see on my recent visit to the settlement. I am,

"Your friend,
"LILIUOKALANI."

For more than sixteen years Father Damien ministered to the spiritual and temporal wants of the lepers of Molokai. For thirteen years he showed no signs of leprosy but he always felt that sooner or later his hour must come and that he must die of leprosy among his people. At last a letter was received from him containing these appalling words: "Having no doubt of the true character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned and happier among my people. God alone knows what is best for my own satisfaction, and with that conviction I say daily, 'Fiat volunta tua.' Please pray for your afflicted friend, and commend me and my luckless people to all servants of the Lord."

That paragraph in print went around the world to give all men assurance that there are still priests of the church who are sacrificing their lives for the glory of God and the love of their fellow men.

His life work was accomplished and it must forever remain one of the noblest examples of devotion and self sacrifice in the world's history.

The church he built is still there, in charge of Fathers Vendelin and Joseph, with four lay brothers and four Sisters of the Sacred Heart to help them in their work of abnegation and self-sacrifice.

JEAN SERATE.

### A Profitless Venture.

From the Springfield Republican.

It is stated of the 500 latest arrivals from the Alaskan gold district of Nome that not one of them brought back as much money as was taken out. Unquestionably this may be said of the whole Alaskan gold development—it has cost the country more than it has yielded in yellow metal.

## AMELIORATION OF PRISON DISCIPLINE

### SYSTEM IN VOGUE IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

### From the Time a Convict Enters British Prison He Proceeds In Degrees of Punishment Toward Liberty—Tickets of Leave.

THE amelioration of prison discipline in the last twenty years has been so marked that even those persons who rarely observe anything have noted the change. The abolition of the contract system, although not general in the United States, is practically so in all the Northern States, and it no longer exists in any European country. Its abuses were so varied and incurable that it was necessary to root it out entirely, and this has been done, except in a few States in the South, where the social conditions are such as to prevent any radical changes unless pushed with persistent effort. That was the most important step made in prison reform, and its good effects upon the prisoners are so obvious that they cannot be questioned. There is, however, little harmony of method in the prisons of different States, or even in the different prisons of the same State, the management of each institution being the author, for the most part, of its body of rules and regulations, although in New York a long step in the centralization of authority has been made, and in the similar methods of administration.

#### In British Prisons.

It is possible that, with the frequent improvements made in the condition of convicts in recent years, those who profit by them may be interested in the methods employed in Great Britain, where the discipline is stern and unyielding, and every day of a sentence has twenty-four hours of time in it. It has fallen to my lot to do a long "lagging" in a public works prison in England, and the experience has no alleviating memory. It was simply unalloyed hades.

On conviction and sentence the prisoner is taken to a county prison to do nine months of separate confinement. This is spent in a large cell, well warmed, lighted and ventilated without a bed for the first three months, with a bed two nights in the week for another three months, and then with increasing frequency until the last month, when a bed, with sheets, rug and pillow, is given every night.

The work is sowing bags and weaving, and the task is as much as a green hand can do with industry. The food is ample but unvaried—23 ounces of bread daily, made from unbolted flour; a pint of gruel for breakfast and supper, based upon 4 ounces of oatmeal; and a pint of soup for dinner four days in the week and 3 ounces of meat on the other three days, with 8 ounces of potatoes daily. The food is clean, served in the cell, hot and is ample for a man not working in the open air.

No one except a keeper comes into the cell. The governor of the prison passes the open door daily, and the doctor comes if summoned. No books except a Bible, prayer book and hymn book are given, and there is no variation in this awful period, in which many men break down physically or mentally. The keeper is not allowed to speak to a prisoner except in the briefest terms, and then only to issue an order. I spent six months in this separate confinement without hearing a human voice except at church service, and the whole nine months of "separates" without speaking to a fellow prisoner. The intention of this imprisonment is to give the prisoner a realizing sense of his position, and it fetches him every time by its cold, calm, silent, unchanging oppression.

The "separates" being finished the prisoner is transferred to the public works prison, of which there are now four in England—Dartmoor, Portland, Parkhurst and Borstal—with a female prison at Aylesbury, in Oxfordshire. Men who were engaged in the same offense, or brothers, are not sent to the same prison.

#### Punishment of Men.

The transfer is made in a prison car, which is simply an exclusive carriage, and the traveler is not made the wretched victim of public curiosity.

Arriving on the public works, the prisoner is assigned to outside work and kept at it. There is an average of one warder or assistant warder to every ten men, besides a battalion of the Royal Infantry for guards at each station. These warders are long service men with first-class discharges from the army, navy or marine corps in which school they have learned that an order from a superior is sacred. They are forbidden to construe any offense they may observe in any other way than as a subject of report, and report means punishment in 999 cases out of 1,000.

Punishment consists of confinement in separate cells, light and warm, with one pound of bread and one pint of water daily, loss of class, privileges of writing or receiving letters or visits. For assaults on officers the penalty is flogging with either the cat or birch, not more than thirty-nine strokes of either; but no man fails to be taken to the hospital who has received twenty cuts of the cat. The work is redeeming marsh land, building fortresses, quarrying stone or cutting it for building purposes. But the day's work, even in summer, is rarely more than seven hours. Meals are taken in the cells, and the food is not sufficient. There are no fat men in penal servitude. It is prescribed to the fraction of an ounce and if the prisoner feels that he has not his allowance he can, at all times, have it weighed or measured in his own presence.

#### Classes of Convicts.

As his sentence wears away the prisoner passes into different classes, which are shown by the facings on his jacket, with increased privileges; and the last year of his sentence, if he has been a good-conduct man throughout, may be spent in the special class, which gives him a blue dress, visits every two months and more frequent letters. The burden of penal servitude falls in with the perpetual supervision, which never relaxes. No man can go out of sight of the officer in charge of his party nor pass behind him. He must not talk, laugh, nor even smile. He is not allowed any other article in his possession than a handkerchief. He can have no paper nor pencil, but one piece of soap, one towel one wooden spoon, one plate, tin cup and washbasin. He must be silent, obedient and, although the rules do not say so, he must look as miserable as it is intended to make him feel. The weekly dietary scale never changes. There are no holidays except Good Friday and Christmas, and these are only marked by chapel service, which never changes. No outsiders ever come to speak, nor are there any visitors ever admitted into the prison. In eight years I never heard a woman's voice in speech or song; never tasted fruit, nor any other vegetable than peas and potatoes; never spoke to a fellow prisoner except surreptitiously. During imprisonment the worst offense possible is to have tobacco. The heel of an old pipe that is blowing about, snatched up, will cost six months' short time—if caught. Every man is searched five times a day; his cell is visited and searched two or three times a week, and yet the men do get tobacco, and take long risks to get it.

On discharge the prisoner receives a ticket-of-leave which may be canceled at any time before the expiration of the whole sentence; also, three to six pounds sterling gratuity ($15 to $30 of United States money). His hard treatment has done him no good, for 55 per cent of the men in penal servitude are second-timers, and 20 per cent are third-timers. After that they are dead.

### KELLY—KENNY.

#### Something About the Hyphenated South African Leader.

*Marquis De Fontenoy in Washington Post.*

In announcing the other day that General Kelly-Kenny had been appointed to the post of adjutant general of the British army, in succession to Sir Evelyn Wood, I omitted to state that he was an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, hailing from the County Clare. He is the son of Thomas Kelly of Treanmannagh, County Clare, and the Kenny is a surname which he added to his own on his succession to the landed property of an uncle. He is one of the few field officers whose reputation has not suffered in connection with the South African campaign, for military men are well aware that the principal credit for the surrender of General Cronje and of his force—the first crushing blow inflicted by the English on the Boers—belongs to him.

Incidentally, I may state that General Sir William Butler has entirely recovered not only his military prestige but likewise the good will of the public. It may be remembered that just before the outbreak of the war Sir William, while acting Governor General at the Cape, protested in the strongest fashion against the foolishness of the policy which neglected to keep military preparations in line with the aggressiveness of the course to which the home government had committed him. Sir William declared that it would require at least 200,000 men to vanquish the Boers, as well as a great deal more ordnance than England at that time possessed in South Africa, and insisted that it was iniquitous to provoke war without being prepared for it. For this he was recalled, held up to public obloquy as something very much akin to a traitor, and subjected to so much public execration that when Queen Victoria visited Bristol to open the infirmary there he was requested to keep away and abstain from the position which he should have assumed by her side as general in command of the district, lest the hooting and hissing with which it was expected he would be greeted by the populace should mar the pleasure of her majesty.

Every warning he uttered, however, has come true, and the English people now realize that there was at least one general clever enough to see things as they really were, and who had the courage to say so. Sir William is being treated with the most marked and distinguished consideration by the War Department under its new administration. Lord Roberts has been staying with him as his guest, and all the wives of the subaltern officers at Plymouth, who abstained at first from calling on Lady Butler on account of the unpopularity of her husband, are now cruelly regretting that they were so short-sighted and that they did not show themselves more friendly when Sir William and his talented wife, the painter of the "Roll Call," and of other stirring battle scenes, were under a totally undeserved cloud.

### Responsibility of Common Carriers.

From the Boston Transcript.

The Maryland Court of Appeals has recently given a decision to the effect that common carriers are responsible for injuries to passengers in their conveyances, which may be inflicted by drunken and disorderly persons. The court, reviewing a case that was brought before it, says: "If there is danger, or after they ought to have known that there was danger, if they had not exercised proper care, that failure is negligence, for the consequences of which the company is liable." The drunken passenger is always a nuisance and often a menace, and the court's words have a wide application outside of Maryland.

### Plowshare in Place of Krags.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale is at the head of a movement for sending modern agricultural implements to the Filipinos. Soon the impulsive Tagal will be riding merrily on a cultivator or a harvester "instead of mounting barbed steeds to fright the souls of fearful adversaries."

### Honors Easy.

She—You know, John, you promised me a sealskin wrap and——

He—And you promised to keep my stockings darned, and you haven't done it.

She—Well, you don't mean to say you'll break your promise on that account?

He—Well, it's just this: You don't give a darn, and I don't give a wrap.

## SOMETHING NEW IN BUILDING MATERIAL

### Crushed Rock, Sand and Cement Now Being Used.

### BRICK AND STONE MUST GIVE WAY

### THE NEW PROCESS IS KNOWN AS "POURED" METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.

### Several New Structures in Honolulu Built by the New Process and It Promises to Become Very Popular in This City.

A NEW IDEA in building, which has only comparatively recently been adopted in cities of the mainland, has reached Hawaii and is being put into practice extensively in Honolulu. Brick and stone are dispensed with and a preparation of cement takes their place, the cement being "poured" into wooden molds or forms, which when the mass within them has hardened to rock-like firmness and solidity, are removed, leaving a perfect fireproof, and substantial wall, column, roof, or whatever other portion of the building has been molded.

These buildings have come to be known as "poured" buildings, and such a one in process of being constructed is the new Punahou Preparatory School, at Oahu College. A visit to the new building will be to most Honolulans a revelation. The walls of the structure are rapidly going up, the entire sides of the building being raised 18 inches during yesterday. The rapidity of the building and its comparative inexpensiveness are its chief elements of value.

The peculiar conditions of the Hawaiian Islands render this method of building most desirable, since all the materials necessary for the substantial part of the structure are right at hand and do not need to be freighted across the ocean. The solid is formed of a mixture of crushed rock, rock sand and cement, with sufficient water to bring it to a soft, doughy consistency, and into the molds that are prepared to receive it this mixture is poured, allowed to harden, and by this process becomes solid wall.

#### Process of Construction.

The cribs or forms into which the mixture is poured and molded are so built that the lower portion can be slipped off and placed on top of the upper, the upright fixtures being left stationary as the wall goes up, so that a firm grip may be kept on the wall and the perpendicular direction maintained. The cement mixture dries and hardens completely within a period of twelve hours, and as soon as one strata hardens the crib is removed from the slides on either side and placed in those above, forming another crib some three feet in height, ready for filling. In the wall structures, to increase the tensile strength, long, twisted rods of steel are stood upright through the space of the crib, and when the cement mixture is poured into the crib and hardens the twisted rods are imbedded in the formation.

An ingenious piece of machinery is used for the mixing of the crushed rock and cement. Quantities of crushed rock and rock sand, in the proper proportions, are thrown into a revolving cylinder, and to this is added the prescribed amount of cement dust. Water from a pipe leading to the center of the cylinder, or barrel wheel, is then slowly allowed to run, and the wheel revolves, churning and mixing the materials thoroughly until a doughy mass of the mixture is ready for the wheelbarrows and the elevator, to be taken to the top of the wall and poured into the waiting cribs.

#### Elaborate Patterns Possible.

The shape and imprint of the hardened mass is an exact reproduction of the inside of the crib, and by this process elaborate patterns in decoration can be molded into the hardened rock. The front of the Club stables was molded in this way, and the entire building of the Automobile stables is of "poured" material, as is also the foundation of the Young building and the Sachs building now going up. The cribs may be so arranged as to give the appearance of cut stone, the pattern being checked off in blocks. Elaborate castings are done on the columns and about the windows and over the arched doorways. At the new Preparatory School several columns of the smoothness of marble have been cast, the mixture being truly "poured" in this case, as in the casting of cylindrical columns and such work the preparation is used in almost liquid form. Moldings of beautiful decorative patterns are made in this way, and attached to the buildings when completed, or are imprinted in the main walls.

#### Practically Indestructable.

As to the durability of the cement mixture, its champions point triumphantly to the cement rock of the ruins of Pompeii unearthed in modern times, the cement having been made 1,000 years before Christ. There is no doubt of its strength and durability. Thor-